

## THE HOME CIRCLE.

## WHILE THE HEART BEATS YOUNG.

While the heart beats young—oh, the splendor of the spring,  
With all her dewy jewels on, is not so fair a thing!  
The fairest, rarest in writing of the blossom-time of May  
Is not so sweet a season as the season of today.  
While youth a diviner climate folds and holds us, close embraced,  
As we feel our mothers with us by the touch of face and breast;  
Our bare feet in the meadows and our fancies up among  
The airy clouds of morning—while the heart beats young.

While the heart beats young and our pulses leap and dance,  
With every day a holiday and life a glad romance,  
We hear the birds with wonder, and with wonder watch their flight,  
Standing still the more enchanted, both of hearing and of sight,  
When they have vanished wholly, for, in fancy, wing to wing  
We fly to heaven with them; and, returning, still we sing  
The praise of this lower heaven with tireless voice and tongue,  
Even as the Master sanctions—while the heart beats young.

While the heart beats young! While the heart beats young!  
Oh, green and gold earth of ours, with azure overhung  
And looped with rainbows, grant us yet this grassy lap of thine;  
We would be still thy children, n. through the shower and the shine!  
So pray we, lying, whispering in childish love and trust,  
With our beeching hands and faces lifted from the dust,  
For fervor of the poem, all unwritten and unsung,  
Thou givest us an answer, while the heart beats young  
—James Whitcomb Riley.

## The Meaning of "Business is Business."

"THE expression 'Business is business,' which, the North American says, is the shibboleth of the trusts, is one of the most frequent in our daily life," said a man who is given to moralizing. Did you ever stop to consider exactly what it means? Positive as it is, dominating the world as it does, this phrase almost defies analysis. I always accepted it as self-evident, as most men do, until it was used by the late Mr. Pullman when he refused an apparently reasonable and just proposition intended to benefit his thousands of workmen. 'This is simply a matter of business,' he said, 'and business is business.'

'This phrase is always given with an air of finality, or unanswerableness. It is proposed and accepted as a clincher, the last decisive word in reply to an appeal of some sort. Hardly any other form of speech is uttered with such emphasis. Clearly, it means to take the question out of the field of discussion and of feeling. It does it, too.

'It implies that business, being business, is not something or anything else, but that it is, and of right ought to be, a thing apart, beyond or above every other thing in the world. Perhaps, if one could show that the particular matter in hand is not exclusively business, he might be allowed to discuss it; but if it is business of the kind that is business, it becomes subject only to the unique laws of business—of the business that has its own code of morals, if any, and is dead to all the finer sensibilities and humanities.

'Isn't it obvious that what every man means when he affirms that business is business is that it is not philanthropy, not human kindness, not brotherliness, not moral? What other meaning is possible? For no man ever says it except to excuse a course of conduct that cannot be defended by any of the arguments to which a man must pay respect when he does not represent this strange thing known as business. Commonly he uses it in rejecting an appeal that he could offer no reason for denying—an appeal which kindness, love of his fellow men, Christianity, and perhaps even justice, would compel him to grant. In short it implies that when a thing is business it knows no soul, no bonds of compassion, nothing that is admirable in morals.

'When a devastating storm swept over the city of St. Louis, hundreds of homes, the homes of thousands of working people mostly, were utterly wrecked. In many heart-breaking instances some member of a household was buried in the ruins. It created a sudden imperative demand for vacant houses, of which there are always a good many in every large community. This was the opportunity of landlords whose exorbitant rents or whose indisposition to make repairs had kept their property unlet for months. It was said that they took the fullest advantage of the accidental needs, and refused to lease houses at the rates they established before the cyclone. Like all other winds, it blew good for somebody, but to somebody who needed the benefit less than others. They increased the rents beyond all precedent.

'In reply to the charge of inhumanity and extortion, the landlords repeated the common phrase, 'Business is business.' They reminded their critics that throughout the world of business the law of supply and demand invariably regulates prices; that mankind has long conceded the right of business to its own peculiar laws. Certainly their action was in harmony with the rule that one man's need is another's opportunity. They could show that self-interest has been the spur to all the achievements that have promoted the advancement of the world in material things.

'It would be interesting—indeed, it is mighty important—to know why

business should be exempt from the otherwise universal code of morals; why this one thing has only to declare itself as business in order to be released by the consent of all mankind from the duty of charity and kindness, and often even of justice. It is pertinent to ask whether society can afford to tolerate the claims of such a peculiar thing as business, which absorbs the attention, energy, and often the very soul, of such a vast proportion of our men of enterprise and ability. Perhaps the precepts and practices of business are not low in the scale of morals though nobody has ever asserted they are high, and Herbert Spencer has distinctly charged the reverse. That, however, is not the question. If they are not low, it is by accident—it is merely because low morals happen not to be profitable to business. The serious, the unique thing, is that, because business is business, it has an unchallenged right to any sort of morals that are most profitable, or no morals at all.

'The world is charitable enough, perhaps. These same men who exalt business give generously to benevolent enterprises, not always to protect themselves and society from the consequences of neglected poverty, but also from human impulses. There are men who are implacable in exacting the pound of flesh, yet use much of their accumulations which represent tears and heart's blood of the poor, for noble charities. But mankind demands justice as well as charity, and we may challenge the justice of some of the fundamental principles of business.

'The recognition of business as business has probably done more to dull the human conscience over wrong doing, over inhumanity, over oppression, and all self-interest than any other thing in the world. It is most men's excuse, to the world and their own consciences, for hardness of heart that would be condemned as hideous outside of business. Why has society agreed to set up business as superior even to the laws of God?—The North American.

## ALLIED FUN.

## ROUGH ON HIM.

He—"Were you ever in love before you met me?"

She—"O, yes; but never since."—Harper's Bazar.

Tommy—"I'm going to begin common fractions to-day, ma."

Mother—"You shall do nothing of the kind, Tommy. You shall study the very best fractions they have in school."—Cryp.

"Ma," said a newspaper man's son, "I know why editors call themselves 'he.'"

"Why?"

"So the man that doesn't like the article will think there are too many people for him to tackle."—Tit Bits.

Violet—"I've just had a letter from George, and he says he's going to be married."

Vivienne—"Going to be married! Why, I thought— Well, you seem very cool about it. Who's he going to marry?"

Violet—"Ma."—Judge.

## THE KIND THAT GO TO HEAVEN.

"And what is the happy land?" asked the Sunday school superintendent. The small boys on the front seat kicked each other surreptitiously and viciously, but nobody spoke until little George said, with a tone midway between a sniff and a gurgle: "Heaven." "Ah, that's it; that's it!" said the superintendent. "Little George knew it. It is heaven. And we all want to go there. And now children, can you tell me what kind of little boys go there?" George was emboldened by praise. His head was dizzy with success. He rose in his place. "Dead ones," he bawled.

## MAN'S VS. WOMAN'S DRESS.

To assert that men dress better than women is probably to most persons a very unorthodox claim. Their dress is more rational, more in harmony with the outlines of the body, and more in obedience to its importance and needs. When a man is dressed we never lose sight of the fact that his body is more than his dress, while the woman dresses as if she held her body to be a form upon which to display dry-goods and the milliner's art, and her head a roost for murdered birds and stores of curls purloined from all the kingdoms of the earth. It would be impossible to find on a savage in the full glory of warpaint and feathers more absurd and barbaric toggery than on the woman of to-day, from the housemaid to the daughter of the millionaire. She is truly a "stunner"—as much so as the gaily befringed and placarded walking advertisement. When women look best in the street they have gone to man for their clothes—his plain felt hat, his coat and vest his haberdashery, and often his footwear—the boy's walking-shoe, with its low, broad heel, broad projecting sole and general look of squalor and comfort. Men's feet are always better dressed than women's because for one thing they are more in evidence, and they are far less distorted in shape because their shoes more nearly conform to the natural shape of the foot.

The tailor, it is true, often builds up his man, but it is in the direction of symmetry, of good proportion, while the dressmaker, as a rule, hasn't an eyelash for anything more than fashion, which, to her mind, is "style," and nothing is too hideous, too inartistic, to be worn if it only be "fashionable." To know what to leave off instead of what to put on is half the secret of good dressing. A Philadelphia lady who was always exceptionally well coiffed said that she had to pay her milliner a good round price for what she left off.—Mary Fisher in Woman's Home Companion.

## A PLEASANT EXPRESSION.

If women only realized the value of a pleasant expression how much jollier this dull old world would be. Many estimable ladies, perhaps with a high ideal of duty, mar what would otherwise be a most attractive face by a peevish expression. "She looks cross enough to bite the head off a nail," a little girl recently said of her mother's best friend, who is really a very interesting woman but has an unfortunate expression. Did you ever stop to think that expression really reflects character? If you look peevish, I am very much afraid that, perhaps, you are not quite as patient as you might be. "A man's lips may lie, but Nature can not lie." The face reveals the soul within. The woman whose countenance is like a ray of sunlight reflects the sunniness of her character in her words and actions, and throughout all the details of her every day life. And the face is plainly written on her face, and fills it with beauty of the highest, most soul-satisfying type.—McCall's Magazine.

## TEACHING BY EXAMPLE.

A mother I know had need one even to pass between the light and her little son. With sweet, grave courtesy she said: "Will you excuse me, dear if I pass between you and the light?" He looked up and said: "What made you ask me that, mamma?" And she answered: "Because, dear, it would be rude to do it without speaking. I would not think of not speaking if it had been Mr. F. (the minister) and surely I would not be rude to my own dear boy."

The boy thought a moment, and then said: "Mamma, what ought I to say back?" His mamma replied, "What do you think would be nice?" He studied over it a while, for he was such a wee laddie, and then said, "Would it be nice to say, 'Sure, you can!'" This was mamma's time to say: "That would be nice, but how would you like to say, just as Mr. F. would, 'Certainly!'" It means the same thing, you know."

That little lad, now a young man in college, is remarked for his never-failing courtesy. A friend said of him the other day, "It's second nature to W. to be polite," and the mother smiled as she thanked God in her heart for the grace that had helped her to be unfailingly courteous to her boy.—Christian Work.

Selfishness is a vice; self-love is a virtue. Selfishness is the root of all vice; then vice increases selfishness and selfishness in turn leads on to more and greater vice. Selfishness and sin act and react one upon the other. Self-love, on the contrary, is a virtue and the foundation of all virtue of all religion, of all spirituality.—Christian Standard.

After all, our worst misfortunes never happen, and the most miseries lie in anticipation.—Balzac.

## Our Social Chat.

EDITED BY AUNT JENNIE, BALZAC, N. C.

AS CONTRIBUTORS to this department of the Progressive Farmer, we have some of the most wise-awake and progressive young ladies and young men and some of the most entertaining writers—most the order people of this and other states the ages of the members ranging from sixteen to more than sixty.

YOU ARE REQUESTED to join by sending a letter on some subject of general interest, and writing thereunder as often as possible.

WHEN WRITING, give full name and post-office address for Aunt Jennie's information. If you do not wish your real name to appear in print, give name by which you wish to be known as a Chatterer.

TWO WEEKS OR MORE must, as a rule, elapse between the time a letter is written and the date of its publication.

ADDRESS all letters to Aunt Jennie, care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

## AUNT JENNIE'S LETTER.

Literature, I most gladly extend to you the hand of welcome; and will you permit me to say that I am delighted to have a young lady possessing such decided talent as a writer join us? Your letter is full of good sound sense and when you refer to the girls making confidants of their mothers, I join in the hope that all the girls of our Circle tell mother everything. No girl can afford to do less, for mother loves you so much more than any one else. Your best interest is always nearest her heart. She knows what life is, there fore trust her to guide you. No girl is safe unless she does this. Nor can too much be said as to the pernicious influence of trashy literature. It is utterly impossible to wade through the mire even a short distance and receive no stains. Come again, Literature, your letters will be beneficial to other girls.

Alvin, you talk well of courteship and its pleasures; but I would impress you all with the idea that things are not always what they seem and that life is indeed a reality.

It always affords us much pleasure to welcome a transient Chatterer. Plum, your letter is an endorsement of that written by Literature in this issue. Reading often causes us to think and act differently, therefore be careful to read elevating books and stories. Procrastination is in reality the thief of time. Opportunities appear for a brief season and then vanish forever. Please come often, Plum; we have missed you.

Lucile, we are glad to have you join us and trust that we will prove equally helpful to each other, as this Circle was inaugurated for mutual helpfulness. I hope all will read "The Girl and Her Liver" for I think it one of the very best articles I ever read on this all important subject. "Learn to labor and to wait." O, yes, many labor but few can wait, and in their impatience garner the harvest before it ripens.

School Boy is right as to good books being nice presents. I think if much of the money spent for frivolous things were invested in good books it would be better for all concerned. A good book is a life long testimony of friendship.

Mrs. J. S. M., we are glad to have you with us and to know that you have been a reader of The Progressive Farmer for so many years. There are, of course, innocent games that can become very harmful if betting is indulged in, or prizes awarded the winners. We hope you will come often.

Who can answer H. H. H.'s inquiry? We have this week an interesting letter from Lucy, who writes from Beaufort county. I hope the lady members of the Circle will heed her sensible suggestion in regard to exchange of tested cooking recipes. Many thanks for the answer to Inquirer.

Altogether our Chat this week is unusually valuable and entertaining.

AUNT JENNIE

## EVILS OF TRASHY LITERATURE.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I have read the letters of the Chatterers with much interest, and would like to become one of you, although I am afraid I will not be an interesting addition. My home is in the country near a small village. I wish to talk to girls similarly placed about cultivating a taste for good literature.

It is a great temptation for girls who have only light household duties and almost unlimited time at their disposal, to form the pernicious habit of "devouring" everything, if they have a taste for literature. Most girls are romantic, have ideals, and are fond of building air-castles.

I am not speaking of the working girl, unless she is very young, for hard work and contact with the world will very soon dissipate romance, and teach us life is real, and the struggle earnest. Work is never degrading, and often times ennobling; but there is a wide difference between the working girl and the one shut in and protected by domestic ties and loved ones.

Often times the home may be a very happy one, and still there may be lacking that perfect confidence between mother and daughter which is so precious to the one, and so helpful to the other. If such a confidence exists there is little danger of a girl cultivating bad habits, or even enjoying

the "literary trash" with which the country is flooded. These books gratify the romantic nature; and the delicately veiled immorality, as well as its other injurious qualities, are overlooked. They are not really overlooked; they are only absorbed, and will come to the surface sooner or later in the form of laziness, irritability and false ideas of life. This, if not checked must finally result in ruin; if not moral ruin, certainly in the partial destruction of those qualities which when trained along the right lines, make us what our God intended we should be—ministering angels.

I am only a young girl, but I ask you mothers, in the name of humanity, if for no other cause, to rescue your daughters from such an error. Keep temptation from them; give them only the best books to read, and when they have acquired a taste for good literature anything else will only disgust, and "trash" will have lost its power.

I shall never forget the first novel I ever read. It was David Copperfield, and I read it with my father. I was only a child, but I shall never forget the pleasure it gave us both. I have always been devoted to literary pursuits. My father was a great reader, and from my earliest recollections I have heard authors and their books, familiarly discussed.

I guess I have already said too much for my first letter but I hope the members will overlook my failings, and receive me kindly. Sincerely,

LITERATURE.

Halifax County, N. C.

## ON COURTSHIP.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—Perhaps the commonest agitation of love theories is becoming monotonous to the Chatterers and dry and uninteresting to readers of the Social Chat. However, as much as has been said upon the phases of love and youthful pleasures, I do not deem it out of way to confine in brief discussion the general trend of youth in its contentions and upheavals in courtship. The many topics which interest the Chatterers are all appertaining to those appropriate under this head.

Courtship, in its universal conception, marks the most brilliant time in all the affairs of life. It is the goal to which youth strives, ambitious to share in its reputed enjoyment. It is the resort of age, left lonely in associations. Though not filled with scenes conducive to side-splitting laughter, it is the chain which connects society with supreme pleasure and unqualified attachments.

The fields of its contests are alive with hurrying hosts, and its council fires are shaded with crowds of eager youths. The hours of its reconciliations are filled with girlish tears over broken vows, and sighs of crestfallen males over love lost and promises disregarded. While it is fun in the fire of strife it is death to every hope and is the path to the bachelor's fate.

Yesterday, while fancy flew, courtship was life. Hope glistened her beams in the vagary of unfixed love, and life brightened at every prospect. To-day, when fancy has matured in love, the brilliancy of life's breadth has faded to the narrowness of realization. The impossibility of reaping the joys of a love thus cherished blights the prospect that once gave life its savor. Night drops over former pleasure and hides every hope.

Courtship has been said to "embalm life with sweetness which grows in age." Whether sweetness thus wends itself through life as a product of courtship is youth-dependent and a youth-concern of all whose search for ship for the real, not for what it seems. Here I add two verses which, I think, are excellent in portraying the dangers of courtship:

'Tis not the plays of jollity,  
That pleasant curdship make;  
For high beyond frivolity  
Are acts which life bliss take.

Headless love and pride bring gall,  
And haste a life regret;  
In age the pains of follies fall,  
In choice is life bliss set.

The Chatterers may be weary of my part this time in the Social Chat, and, as I don't wish to jeopardize myself as a Chatterer, I close.

ALVIN HORTON.

Yancey Co., N. C.

## SWEEPING; CARD PLAYING.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—When it came to sweeping the floors once a week I had to speak. If ours were not swept every day we would not be able to get in. We have five children and, as Mrs. J. L. D. says, we must let them play in doors or out; and I, for one, would much rather have them play in the house than to have them sick.

Aunt Jennie, I am so glad you spoke about card playing. I am going to speak my mind, as I think we all have a right to do, in regard to cards, whist, and all other evils that threaten our children's welfare.

First, I don't think ladies or gentle

men gamble. In fact, I don't believe they play cards at all; that play are only just plain mean women. Second, I don't believe in giving children games of any kind, and if it is no harm it may lead to harm and children can be just as happy without them. And I beg mothers, not to lead your children to gamble by giving them games when they are young.

I wish the sisters would send their favorite recipes for making cake, also other good recipes.

"Inquirer," dissolve saltwater and wet the mole several times every day.

Dear Auntie, I am afraid this letter will never see the light, but if it does maybe I will write again sometime.

Your loving niece,  
Beaufort Co., N. C.

## GIFTS TO COLLEGES.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—I have been reading your columns with great interest ever since Christmas, especially your letters. I think it is so nice the editor of this paper to give a corner to write in. I see so many our writers like reading. I think it one of the greatest pleasures in the world to have a lot of good books read. I don't think parents can give their children any nicer presents than good books to read. I see the Chatterers are coming in every week.

Among those last week were two college boys; also "Anti-Trust and Whiskey." The latter takes with Backwoodsman. Well, I could expect anything else, for he is from the same county. He thinks the gift of Mr. Duke have done more to put down the church in the country than anything else. I would like to know what Mr. Duke's gifts have to do with the church in the country. He says a large portion of the members refuse to pay their assessments because of the wrangle between Kigs and Chatterers. I don't see what that has to do with schools receiving money from them. In fact, if they will not pay their assessments, because of the wrangle between Kigs and Chatterers, they will not amount to much in the church—if they let that keep them back.

I know this much about the colleges most of them are kept up by rich men. The question is, have they done good and are they doing good or harm? Yes, they have and are doing good and history will tell you so.

With best wishes to you and the Chatterers,  
SCHOOL BOY.

## OPPORTUNITY.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—Please welcome an old Chatterer. I think our Chat has improved a great deal since I have been away, for you have done well only. I have read each letter with much interest.

I think opportunity is quite an interesting, as well as important subject for consideration. How many of us realize the opportunities we have? I fear that many realize them after it is too late, and oh, what a sad thought this! We should learn to be thoughtful, so that we may always have the right words, acts, and thoughts in the right place and at the right time. And so we must get our education while we are young, and be ready in the matter to seize every opportunity.

I am another book worm. There is nothing I enjoy more than good literature. I think reading is one of the best things we can do—that is, good reading. It expands and enlightens our minds, and causes us to think the things which we would not have thought of, know that which we would not have known, and, therefore, to do what we would not have done, had it not been for the influence of reading.

But to speak of opportunity again, God has put us here and he has given us something to do, and he is giving us opportunities of doing it. Then let us ask him to help us to realize and seize these opportunities. I fear that many of us have many an opportunity which we do not use; many a blessing which we do not comprehend and many a reward offered which we will not accept. Let us spend all our moments in usefulness for they are going to pass in some way. Each one has a heart within his bosom that is ever knocking at the moments away; it will stop for them to pass, but will knock on and on until its task is over, when it will stop not to rest for awhile only, but forever. I guess most of you remember the last words of Queen Elizabeth: "All my possessions for a moment of time." She had doubtless many opportunities which she would not accept, thinking that she had time enough. But it is very true that "time enough" always proves little enough." We love to all,  
Gates Co., N. C.

## AN INQUIRY.

DEAR AUNT JENNIE:—Can any Chatterer answer this question: What became of the boy saints that arose from the dead at the crucifixion of Christ?  
Wake Co., N. C.